

REJOYNDER
 TO THE
 WHIGGISH POEM
 UPON THE
 Tory-Prentices Feast
 AT
 MERCHANT-TAYLORS-HALL.

WELL! Tory Poets answers come at last,
 The Tory Sots never write Verse in haste;
 Or else the Cur got drunk like snoring Sow,
 Lay under Board, and never wa'kt 'till now;
 But if the noise the yelping Beagles keep
 Did waken him, his Verse I'm sure's asleep.
 I'll swear, I thought (when first I looked on
 His Poem) he had sent me back mine own:
 'T began alike; alike almost thoroughout,
 'T was only mine was turn'd the inside out.
 'Tis a damn'd trick the Tory Tools have got,
 To kill an Enemy with his own Shot;
 Had he not imp'd me, he'd been to seek
 For an Exordium another week;
 For of the Tory Poets I must say
 It's a witty Rogue can write a Verse a day.
 But Gaffer-Goose-Cap, who told you such stories,
 His Majesty sent Bucks to feast the Tories;
 You might as well have said the King was dress'd
 In Royal Robes, and came to be your guest.
 But you may speak amiss, amiss may do,
 It had been Treason if I had said so;
 Tories may murder Fame, may Honour kill,
 May slander Kings, and yet be Loyal still,
 Their Loyalty consists in doing ill.

You

You may 'tis like by these your Verses lewd,
 Make the mistaken *Tory* multitude
 Believe I *Treason* spake, and that I swore,
 And I may safely say, you'l Drink and Whore,
 But this for truth they all do know before.
 That *Noblemen* were *Priests*, I ne're said so;
 But *Doctor Crape-Gown's* may, for ought I know,
 'Twas *Scandalum magnat.* if I do in jest
 But speak one word 'gainst *Stewards* of the Feast;
 Though *Lords* be high, yet *Prentices* are low,
 And lowly *Taylor's* still were counted so:
 You may say what you please, but without doubt
 I may speak *Treason* gainst the *Ragged-Rout*;
 And Silly *Fops* cause they've all *Whiggs* abhor'd,
 Shall have as good a title as a *Lord*;
 And prosecute for scandal whom they please:
 Such *Lordly* things are *lordly Prentices*.
 No, silly *Citts*! for ever doom'd to Shops,
 Keep still your ancient titles, *Fops* and *Fops*.
 This Sham won't take; I'm *Loyal* still and true;
 Although I'm scandaliz'd by traitorous you;
 Disloyal *Tories*! you the *Truytons* are;
 Whilst *Loyal Baxter, Curial, Loyal Care*
 Bravely maintain their *Sovereigns* right in truth,
 Without e're feasting of the snotty Youth,
 True *Whigs* ne're stoop to such mean tricks as these,
 To feast the hungry sniveling *Prentices*.
 Illustrious *Charles*! by all that's great and high!
 (Tho I am branded with *Disloyalty*)
 No fawning *Courtier* e're shall so much glose
 As I'll detest thine and thy Nations Foes;
 No *Charles the third*, nor budding *Embryo-King*
 Shall be the Subject for my *Muse* to sing
 Whilst thou dost live; let *Traiterous Tories* sooth,
 And raise *Sedition* in the *Factionous Youth*;
 Long may'st thou live and flourish on thy Throne,
 While all these little *Kings* shall basely tumble down.

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